

# WAR CRY

GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

VOL. II. No. 26. [General of the U. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, DEC. 12. 1896.

[EVANGELINE BOOTH, Compiler for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Out of the Depths.

I wonder if there was a more noble and a more pathetic message sent back to the living from the brink of the grave than that of young Dawson, of the fated "Caller On," sent to his mother. The words are few and simple. On the very verge of eternity, his vessel trembling like a living thing, as if conscious of impending destruction, the heart's passionate message has to be gathered into one simple and hurried utterance. And there it stands on the piece of drift wood: "May the Lord comfort my mother." "Caller On," ran down by an unknown steamer.—Dawson. No more time. Sinking! All the great primitive passions of the heart are moved by the ship-boy's message. Brave lad! The pen that now writes of him moves at the impulse of tears. He was a hero every inch of him. She that bore him and mourned him departed, might dry her tears in her pride of being the mother of such a son.

I do not suppose that it entered into young Dawson's mind when he penciled his few words—his prayer for his mother—that he was imitating the action of our great Lord and Master. He, too, in the hour of calamity, forgot His own vast sorrows, thinking of others. His thoughtful care of His mother when in agony He hung upon the Cross, has invested even the sacred record of His last hours with an added tenderness. And the poor ship-boy on the "Caller On" is repeating, in his own humble sphere, the story of the "Captain of our Salvation." For Dawson forgot himself. He has a greater grief than the fear of death. "May the Lord comfort my mother!"—that was the message which the sudden peril wrung out of his heart. It would be strange if He who showed on the Cross of anguish and shame such tender solicitude for His own mother did not hear the prayer, and minister secret comfort to this brave lad's mother.

It was a slow post that carried Dawson's letter to the shore. Twelve months and more it lay on the heaving deep.

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main."

Summer and winter, night and day, in storm and in sunshine, one can see Dawson's letter rising and falling on the wave, now dashed about in scorn by the mad fury of the gale, lost in its wrathful tumult of foam; but again, when the "storm-wind of the equinox" was lulled to rest, and sunshine fell in glittering glory upon the wide wastes of the sea, there came Dawson's letter, "courtesying over the billows," as though it were not the leaf of sorrow, yet ever with its simple yet exhibited to the eye of heaven. Out of the trough of the deep it rises through the crest of the steep wave, and, for an instant as though the sea, pitiful and relenting, were lifting up the emulsion in its strong arms to the Divine gaze, a new prayer ascends, with all the greatness of its forgetfulness and simple trust, "May the Lord comfort my mother!" And one element of her comfort we are enabled to be receive this message from her brave boy. But who shall direct it to an inhospitable land? What a strangely confused and crooked way the track of this piece of drift-wood would show, if marked upon a chart, driven for weeks backward and forth, forward and back, at the caprice of the changing winds and tides! and yet the blind forces of nature, though they move slowly, must at last bring this message to its destination. Thither the ocean leads it. Till the last wave of the incoming tide casts it high upon the sandy beach. No loud and noisy knock arouses the fisher or folk of the village, telling them that the Lord's postman has brought a message "out of the depths," and has de-



"MAY THE LORD COMFORT MY MOTHER."

posited it upon the strand. It would have fallen in with our ideas if a smart peal of thunder had roused them to the fact that the King's Messenger had brought so far on its journey Dawson's letter; that now they were to undertake its further despatch to the bereaved mother. But He that guided this letter through the vicissitudes of its long year of voyaging, can direct a casual eye to the chance of Plotsman and Jetsam, and to the pale message

still legible upon its surface, thanks to a stout heart and strong nerve of the plous lad that wrote it. And so this precious missive was saved from being cast into the fire.

"Sinking!" The simple expression is dramatic enough in its way. It brings the whole scene as vividly before the imaginations as though many pages were occupied with the details of the night of the calamity. We do not choose to carefully picture the last mo-

ments of life and vital consciousness of this view, for we are in the presence of a glory which guilds and transfigures his story. The "sinking" is only a passing pang, and our faith cannot tarry over it. It is the "rising" which fills our thoughts. I do not know what kind of welcome the glorified "Church of the firstborn" gives to hearers when they draw nigh to the "Ivory gate and the golden," but we are taught that there is a correspondence between

virtue and its eternal reward. The recompense of God shall answer to the character that claims it. So I let my fancy picture Dawson's homegoing with sounds of victory filling Heaven's sunny air. And if it be not irreverent, as I trust it may not be, to express in secular terms the thoughts which irresistibly suggest themselves, I can see the Lord fasten the Cross on Dawson's breast, given to those only who, in the earthly fields of battle, have shown conspicuous bravery under fire.

REV. WM. PIERCE.

## BULLETS and SHOT

For all Kinds of Targets.

Fault-finding tends to division, rejection and misery.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

The good are better made by ill. As odors crushed, are sweeter still.

Don't flinch, flounder, fall, nor fiddle, but grapple like a man, and you will be a man.

Not only strife will the lion be hit, but make it hot by striking.—Olive Cromwell.

There are but three states to Gary—out of self, into Christ, into Gary—Rowland Hill.

The milk of human kindness, like oil on an axle, lightens the load and eases life's heavy burden.

The most important thing I ever had was that of my personal responsibility to God.—Daniel Webster.

A fretful habit finds frequent opportunities for indulgence, occasions it as multiplying as the habit increases in strength.

You may, in saving a soul, set in motion a wave of influence and power for good that will roll on through the ages and never cease.

Pale may threaten, clouds may tower, Enies may be combined.

If your trust in God is steadfast, Travel on, and never mind.

That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that day wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.

Life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our own minds. If we are fond of gloom, gloom shall be treated kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men will learn to be cold and cautious to us.

It is not the great loud-roar, but the small pebble that takes the traveling horse on its knees; and it is the petty annoyances of life, ever present, to be met and conquered every day, that make the difference by the mettle of which we are made.

The maelstrom attracts more n'tire than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than comet, following out the sphere and quiet of usefulness in which God puts us.

Men are often like knives with many blades; they know how to open one, and only one; all the rest are buried in the handle, and they are no better than if they had been buried with but one blade. Many men use but one or two faculties out of the score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty,—how to open it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all practical purposes.—H. W. Beecher.

## WHY DON'T CHRISTIANS HELP?

The words were intense with pleading. I shall never forget how all else faded into insignificance before that cry of a soul just on the border of the heavenly Land, "Why don't you, dear brother beloved. She thought a great pit lay in the paths of men, and they were constantly falling in. The green grass grew up to its edges, the flowers dropped over it. Had no barriers or lights of warning. "Take!" she would call, the dearest friend I had sipped in, and you never had a better offer, and a boy went over, and you never told him there was a pit there. "Oh! the you save that girl," she cried. "Oh! the dear, dear girl, she is a thoughtful world, and it looks like people in. Where are the Christians? Why don't the Christians help?"

"I could live," she said in calm tones, "if I could live, I would spend every day of my life keeping people out of that pit. I would build a wall over it, no little child could get over, or I would cover it so deep that none could fall in." Then, looking at me with eyes luminous with the light of the world beyond, she clasped my hands and said, "Sister, sister, won't you try and keep people out of that pit?"—Mrs. Esther T. House.



## Wind vs. Steam,

OR,  
Outward Circumstances vs. Power Within.

I remember on one occasion, while stationed in Newfoundland, coming from my Corps to Council at St. John's in a sailing vessel. After we had been out some hours we were becalmed, and the wind had entirely died away. In every other way the weather was everything that could be desired,—the sun shone and the water was like oil, no danger of sea-sickness; yet as we were depending on the wind we could not make any progress whatever.

During the afternoon we saw, at first to the stern of our vessel, what at first appeared to be a cloud arising, but which proved to be the smoke from the mail steamer, on his way to St. John's also. As we watched it came nearer and nearer, until it soon passed us and disappeared from our view. We still drifted about with the tide, until later the wind sprang up, and we were carried forward to our destination.



The difference was this: The steamer had power within, while we depended on outward circumstances. I have often thought of this, and of many so-called Christians, and I am afraid some Salvationists—depend to a great extent on outward circumstances.

There is a revival on, or something special at the Corps, an Officer that is well liked or even sometimes when the wind of persecution blows, they seem to be carried with the excitement of the revival or the wind of the storm, but when this dies out, like our vessel without the wind, they are becalmed and drift with the tide.

How different with the sanctified soul! The man or woman who has the power of the Holy Ghost in their hearts go forward, whether the wind is in their favor, "dead in their teeth," or if there is no wind at all. The power of God helps them to conquer under all circumstances.

Comrade, are you a sail vessel, depending on outward circumstances, or a steamer, having the power within?

MAJOR T. H. COLLIER.

The story is told of a milk-seller, who purchased an old cavalry horse for his milk-runs, and was very well served by him, until one day, a military detachment happened to march through the streets of the town with colors flying and the brass band playing a rousing martial air. The ex-cavalry horse was standing between the shafts of the milk-cart in a ruminative attitude, when the sound of the rolling side-drum and the fanfare of the cornets reached his ears. As if shocked with electricity, the old horse pricked up his ears, gave a snort of defiance, took one bound forward and went careering at full gallop, milk-cart and all, in the direction of the detachment. That old horse had still the martial spirit; and simply couldn't keep still, when he heard the sound which stirred up the aspirations of his more vigorous days.

Troubles are hard to take, though they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

THOSE two words are direct opposites in meaning, and cause entirely different effects. Notice life in the vegetable world, and you will find it has been made through a garden, where vegetables were planted. By continual use, it became wild, and it was had to burst and push their way through hard, well-beaten earth. Then look how the human family has been gifted with mental and physical life, so that when saved are capable of serving the highest purpose for which they were created—to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. In the business and professional worlds, these two former endowments are necessary to success. Men and women with health and mental vigor are capable of bursting through and throwing off the discouragements and hardness to be met with in the path to success. In the building up of character, spiritual life is needed to attain the end desired. We are "changed from glory to glory," or character to character, by the Spirit of the Lord.

With what delight we hail the Spring season, when old nature bursts into life, after coldness and barrenness or winter months. Death, on the other hand, just manifests the weakness of the human powerlessness, lifelessness follow in its train. Take the branch lately severed from the tree, and it lies dead, cold, and wither. Come with me to the home where loved ones have died, and see the form of one cold in death, once full of life and activity, now the silent opiate. What follows? Decay, corruption, etc., to loved ones sorrow, loneliness, suffering, tears, anguish, heartache.

## Notice Life and Death in the Spiritual World.

Those to whom Jesus has become the Life, Truth, and Way, are masters of circumstances, or "overcomers." They, by the power of life within, rise above difficulties, burst the hardness that beset their paths, face the discouragements and conquer.

Listening to prayer and testimony at times, the question has forced itself upon my mind, why is there no crisis, no life, no taking hold of God, or hearts of hearers? Theory is good, but the plan of salvation laid down quite simple, and could understand, yet lacked spirit to apply. The letter killed, but the Spirit gives life. Has not the often been the cause of defeat? Lack of Holy Ghost. God in you, taking hold of you, and through you striving with Satan for the salvation of sinners. Sufficient effort had been put forth, but lacked the power to make the mark successful. There must be cause. Search it out. You may be walking in a path perfectly lawful under other circumstances, but which has become unlawful to you because of God's call to you to "come out." You try to convince yourself that you are right, but oh, the inner reproaches of conscience tell you to rest. Bring your heart into the light, and the Spirit will enter every corner and avenue in your soul. Continuing in that old path ends in the same form of death, and that is spiritual. Listen to the message from your Father in Heaven: "I will pour out my Spirit as a reproof: his life, freshness, and experience will follow, making you more than conqueror."

A. ROWAN.



It is possible to have a very Welsh nature under a very swarthy exterior.

## BOYS WANTED

For Salvation Warfare in the Eastern Province. No salary guaranteed. Must love God, hate the devil, and work like Trojans for the salvation of souls. Must be honest, honest, straightforward, industrious men, between the ages of sixteen and thirty. Dudes, lukewarm, half-hearted, ease-loving, self-seekers, lazy, kid-gloved professors need not apply.

Girls are more plentiful, but a few good, reliable ones will be acceptable. Address: MAJOR HOWELL.

215 Pitt St., St. John, N. B.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN, LATE OF "ALL THE WORLD," CONTRIBUTES ONE OF HER FASCINATING STORIES TO THE CHRISTMAS CRY.

## HELPS FOR U.S. WORKERS.

For December 30th.

FATHER AND SON.

Genesis xlviii, 1-7, 28-34; xlviii, 1-10.

The Old Man's Departure.

The journey to Egypt was a great undertaking for Jacob, who was 130 years old, but he only waited for something, and that was God's permission. Natural inclinations should never urge us to take any steps until we have God's blessing thereon.

In a vision at Beer-sheba God told Jacob that he was to proceed to Egypt, promising him His presence and protection, also revealing his death, and how the family was to be taken care of. Now he was chosen to be the one to announce the arrival of his father to the brothers.

God seems to have given Jacob, as in His mercy He so often gives to those who least deserve it, something to comfort them. He gives them what they have once done.

Although the past can never be undone, nor can its consequences be wiped away, God provides means whereby men may show their sinfulness and whole-hearted repentance and desire to do right in the future.

The Meeting.

Jacob met his father as a prince after a long absence of 22 years. How thankful and proud the father must have felt. In that meeting we can imagine how all the sorrow was forgotten. So happy was Jacob that he felt he could now die easily.

Jacob gave his brothers also counsel as to what they should say to Pharaoh. He knew the Egyptians' hatred of shepherds, but told them they must not be ashamed of their calling in this new and heathen land they must honor the God they professed by smiling right, with no deceit. Again Jacob showed how well he understood the character of his brethren, and though he believed them to be thoroughgoing sinners, he took their situation them against what had been their failing in the past.

The interview between Jacob and Pharaoh was very touching. We can understand the interest with which the King would look at the aged father of the son whom he had learned to know and love. The Israel, old, God-fearing man must have seemed like a heathen monarch very much.

Pharaoh received the family most graciously, and gave them as promised the land of Goshen for them to dwell in. Here they lived apart from the Egyptians. It was a land suited to the pastoral pursuits, and when the time came for their return to the promised land, they were on the frontier nearest Palestine. Dwelling together in the same place, their going out would be much easier than if they had been scattered throughout the country.

God has a purpose for the future in all the details of the present. What he arranges in our lives to-day is for the good of to-morrow. Let us never lose sight of our work, but let us keep it as God's will to His honor and glory.

QUESTIONS.

What made Jacob hesitate to leave Canaan?

What was his vision?

How does the part that Jacob told show us the mercy of God?

What policy did Joseph caution his brethren to commence their life in Egypt?

Why was the selection of the land of Goshen a provision of the future?

Memory Text: "Fear not."

Nothing seems to go right with the content of the circumstances of the present and conquer him. There is no self-poise in his soul, no controlling power.

Have you thought seriously of the end of the day, the end of this month, the end of this year, the end of this life? Indeed, the end of all earthly things?

# WAR CRY PLATFORM.

## To the Front!



By MAJOR J. READ.

### An Appeal for Sanctified Souls, Flesh, Blood and Brains.

A train-load of happy, jovial excursionists is telegraphed by another coming in an opposite direction. In a moment the air is filled with the screams and groans of the maimed and dying; forty men and women are literally hurled into the presence of God—either to be **SAVED** or **DAMNED**!

A poor woman visits the city from her country home. Having done her shopping, she returns home on a street car. Only a few minutes had she been seated on that trailer when another car crushes into it, knocking the poor creature under the wheels. "When extracted she was lifelessly—crushed to death."

A merchant, apparently healthy and strong, living near the Toronto Hotel, came to his business in the morning. Look left, returned home, and died in a few hours.

An officer led to deal personally and plainly with an unsaved young man on the front seat in an Army Barracks. He would not yield. Next day—Monday—this head was severed from his body on a railroad track. He had gone to seek pleasure, but found DEATH and a pleasure-seeker's eternity.

### NOW, WHAT IS THIS TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY?

The above are facts, and proofs of the awful certainty—and in many cases, suddenness of death. These awful records should stir the souls of every Christ-follower, and especially those young, strong, healthy ones, who wear the blessed emblems of the Salvation Army.

The whole world lieth in the arms of the Devil. True, there are churches and religious institutions, almost numberless, and though some are led to think that people are growing better, it is not so. The Press is filled daily with blood-curdling accounts of murder, rape, lust, robbery, forgery, and every other sin in the Devil's catalogue. God looks on and weeps over the countless multitudes of Christ-rejectors. The angels weep, and cry out, "How long, O Lord!" Redeemed ones in Heaven and on earth lament and grieve over man's bitter fall. Surely then, "the curses that brood on the air," "the fiends who on man's ruined nature" tread should appeal loudly to, and stir the deepest, holiest, lovable feelings in the heart of every Salvationist. It is not enough to be only touched with feeling and compassion for these crying multitudes, but the next step is to bring the bread to nourish the Cross, to consecrate, to leave all and follow the Lamb, though it may cost life, health, friends, money, reputation, character, yea, all in the undertaking.

Young, strong, healthy, well-saved men and women of this Territory have won, right before them, an open door, a blessed chance of becoming thoroughly-trained and efficient leaders of God's hosts, and winners of souls. The Commissioned Officers for the Salvation of her Territory and has consequently determined to establish a good central Training Garrison for men and women at Toronto, in which all Ontario Cadets will be trained. Other Garrisons will be established in the Pacific, North-West, Eastern and Newfoundland.

Life is short! Eternity is long! Millions are dying without hope in this world or in the next. These poor mortal need salvation.

Your time, talents, strength, energy and intellect should be given to God

and His Army for the Salvation of the world. Therefore, readers, rouse this spirit and send your application to your Provincial Officer, without fail. If not you may regret it IN TIME AND IN ETERNITY.

## Current - History.

It is claimed in Chicago that a vegetable powder has been discovered which, mixed with water, develops a very high electrical power.

The thermometer in Winnipeg has already dropped to 27 degrees below zero.

The citizens of Lawrence, Mass., have decided to ask the next Legislature to pass a bill making the playing of football a misdemeanor.

Chatham, Ont., City Council are spending \$2,000 to sink a test well for natural gas.

Two Canadians, Richard and John Beattie, have been arrested under martial law in Cuba. Their friends have brought the matter before Mr. Chamberlain, who promises to bring it to the attention of the Foreign Office.

The storm of Thursday, November 26th, in Manitoba was one of the severest on record. Heavy trains were badly interfered with. The storm was followed by intensely cold weather.

Thanksgiving Day in Winnipeg was celebrated in a blizzard.

Twelve thousand dock laborers are on strike in Hamburg and neighboring ports.

Tom Mann, the English agitator, was arrested at Hamburg and sent out of the country.

A vote is being taken by the International Dock Laborers' Union in Europe on the question of declaring a general strike to support the Hamburg men now out.

About eighty persons are reported to have been lost in the floods at Athens, Greece.

Rev. Jas. Miller, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, says a despatch from Bloomington, Ill., of November 21st, was found dead in an alley at Decatur, Ill. He had been shot and robbed of all valuables.

The rebellion in Madagascar has spread over nearly the whole island.

It is stated that the Imperial Government will ask for a credit of several millions for the rearmament of the artillery, increasing the infantry and reorganizing the transport service.

A report comes from Tokio to the effect that Russia has been granted the right to build the Siberian railway through Chinese territory and defend it with Russian troops.

The 27th Punjab Regiment of Infantry committed a most atrocious and wounded several persons who resisted them.

China is reported to be about reorganizing her navy and building a lot of ships of war under the direction of Li Hung Chang.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in a speech at the National Armenian Relief Committee, New York, says as follows: "Europe and civilization still remain under the disgraceful reproach of having coldly tolerated a series of outrages perhaps the most monstrous known to history."

Fifty Armenians of the First Congregational Church, Walden, Mass., thus express themselves to the American Commissioners.

"Our Beloved Friends: 'We, the undersigned, assembled in the First Congregational Church, Malden, Mass., on Sunday, November 8th, in the forenoon, heard of the Christianlike service the Salvation Army has rendered and is still rendering to our blood-soaked compatriots taking refuge in Europe and America. We have hereby expressed our hearty gratitude to you as the Commanders of the Salvation Army, U. S. forces, and, through you, to General William Booth, and to all your Comrades who have taken such a noble part in trying to ameliorate the sufferings of our persecuted, bleeding fellow countrymen. May you be blessed in the good work you have so nobly undertaken, and may, before long, our blood-baptized nation see the end of its long-endured and persecutions, bloodshed and rapine, and once more enjoy the blessings of liberty!"

(Signed by fifty Armenians).

The Manitoba School Question has at last been settled. Religious instruction and teaching to be given between the hours of 3.30 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and to be conducted by any Christian denomination whose charge includes any portion of the school dis-

trict, or by a person duly authorized by such clergyman, or by the teacher when so authorized, is the principal clause in the settlement.

The Thanksgiving proclamation by the President of the United States is a document worth the attention of some other governmental heads. It reads as follows:

"The people of the United States should ever be mindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for His watchful care, which has shielded them from disaster and happiness. Now, should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts, their proneness to turn away from God's teachings and to follow with sinful pride after their own devices."

"To the end that these thoughts may be quickened, it is fitting that on a day especially appointed we should join together in approaching the Throne of Grace with praise and supplication."

"Therefore I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate, and set apart, Thursday, the 28th day of November, as the day of Thanksgiving, to be kept and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout our land."

"On that day, let all our people forego their usual work and occupation, and assemble in their accustomed places of worship; let them, with one accord, render thanks to the ruler of the Universe for our preservation as a nation, and our deliverance from every threatened danger; for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries, for our defence against disease and pestilence during the year that has past; for the piteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen, and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us."

"And let us, through the mediation of Him who has taught us how to pray, implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of Heavenly favor."

"Let us not forget on this day of thanksgiving the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity, let our offerings of praise be made more acceptable in the sight of the Lord."

"Witness my hand and the seal of the United States which I have caused to be hereto affixed."

"Done at the City of Washington, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and twenty-first."

"RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State."

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Mr. Alfred Austin, poet laureate, was nearly drowned in the Tweed by the upsetting of his boat.

Dr. Jameson, the hero of the Transvaal raid, is reported to be in a critical condition at Holloway Jail.

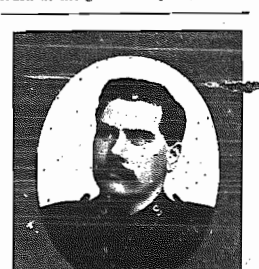
Mrs. James Reid, of Belleville, was burned to death by a fire which was knocked from her hand and set fire to her clothing.

The citizens of Battiford and members of "CC" Division of the North-West Mounted Police, have recently erected a pair of stone pillars and gates in memory of those who gave up their lives during the rebellion of 1855.

At Chambly Canton, Que., during a street fight between Italians employed on the public works, two men were stabbed. One, Frederic Mark, died on the spot; the other, a Mr. Dube, is not expected to recover.

St. Paul, Minnesota despatches report a large number of people frozen to death, as well as cattle, etc., in a terrific blizzard.

During a visit of the Viceroy of India to Baroda, twenty-nine people were killed, and thirty-five injured by a crush at the gates of a park.



MAJOR SHARP, Provincial Officer, Kingston, Ont.

# NEXT WEEK!

## "REMEMBRANCES."

OR,

### "To Run a Long Story Short."

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

IN THE

# Christmas War Cry.

The tin wedding of Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs was celebrated on Monday, November 30th, by a surprise party, who stormed the Colonel's home about 6.30 p.m., every one armed with a tin household utensil of some sort or other.



Colonel Holland has been appointed National Secretary for the United States Stock work. The opening of the Negro work has been postponed until next Fall.

Brigadier Halpin has been appointed National Travelling Representative, and Major Marshall, late Editor of the Conqueror, is a National Travelling Special.

Staff-Captain Edith Marshall is now a Major and has charge of the Junior Soldiers' war. The Conqueror is to be enlarged with the January issue, and have a new dress.

Three great Congresses are to be held at Boston, New York and Chicago. Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been opened.

Ensign Fong Foo See, the only Chinese Staff-Officer in the world, sang "Familiar folks we were," at Commissioner Higgins' farewell meetings at 'Frisco.

San Jose, Cal., Corps has twenty-six Chinese Salvationists.

5,327 souls professed conversion in the Pacific Coast Division from January 15th to October 31st.

The Chinese War Cry, San Francisco, will be a special Christmas one.

Major Deva Sundrum and Ensign Gunasekara, Hindoos, are visiting the United States.

Philadelphia has 21 S. A. Corps.

### England.

Brigadier Scott, late of our Eastern Province, has been appointed to the Manchester Chief Division from January 15th to October 31st.

The British Self-Denial amounted to over \$125,000.

108 souls sought Salvation and purity in the General's meetings on Sunday at Bristol.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb, private Secretary to the Chief of the Staff, has been appointed Trade Secretary at International Headquarters.

A large number of Chief Staff-Officers on the Field have changed appointments.

Four Captain Williams', four Thomas', three Johns', and ten others have been promoted to Ensigns in England.

The General recently spent a day at Nottingham, his native town.

### Australia.

Major Elberington, appointed Editor-in-Chief of the Australian publications, has arrived at his post. His first act was to establish an Intelligence Bureau at the Territorial Headquarters for the prompt distribution to each of the Colonial periodicals the latest news from the Centre.

The Australian Self-Denial amounted to \$30,000, which is \$20,000 above last year's figures.

The Commandant's health has considerably improved.



## Scenes in the Life of Brigadier Addie.

By MAJOR MOSS.

Scene IV.  
Jack was haunted by a face. Not a very unusual thing in the case of a young man of his age.

Who, at the period of adolescence, had not been snubbed, either by a charming, golden-haired blonde, with her limpid blue eyes, or by the fascinating brunette, with her flashing black ones.

Jack was "hit hard" by a pair of "brownies" set in a full face—with whiskers.

Wherever he went, he saw that face. Those brown eyes looked into his over the counter, as he deftly waited upon his customers. They beamed over his shoulder as he stood at the bar, and drank with his companions; and all the time they seemed to be wooing him to something, the which he could not understand. Strange face, stranger man, Jack thought. Who and what could he be? The mystery was soon to be solved.

One Sunday morning, Jack came walking lithely down the street, prepared to go to a neighboring town for a day's outing. His chum, however, like Solomon's sluggard, was taking "yet a little sleep, a little slumber," and Jack was told to call again.

To wait away the night, he wandered down the street some distance, turned the first corner, and came upon what he thought to be a body of escapees from the nearest asylum. Verily, they were the most outrageous people he had ever met. Picture to yourself twenty people, men and women, in the full flush of their first love for God, set loose to do anything to save souls. Put into their hands any instrument you can think of, throw in a tin pan beaten with sticks; to tin the scale set the whole party at work, and you will then have some idea of the contingent young Addie ran up against that morning.

In the centre of the ring stood a little lame man, who waved a wizard's wand, in the shape of a cane, and who announced as Captain Rees, the happy Welshman.

In spite of himself, the happy Welshman, and the cane, Jack followed this remarkable company to a hall erected by, pressed in with the throng, for there was a great following, and took a seat.

He now discovered that this was nothing but an all night prayer meeting, and to his astonishment that he was in a religious meeting, and that this was the Salvation Army.

Jack had had plenty of religious instruction, but it had never been rubbed in after the manner of the Salvationists. In all his life he had not had such a drubbing. How he wringed. The songs and prayers touched him to the quick. As for the testimonies, it was not so much what they said as the way in which they said it, that hit Jack.

He was immensely taken, too, with the story of a converted drunkard, who said, "I was a drunkard, and what I have been. A few weeks ago my home was a hell upon earth. I spent my money in drink. My wife and children were wretchedly and miserably fed, and to crown all I was cruel to them; but I came to the Salvation Army, and heard that Jesus, the Son of God, could save a poor sinner like me. Three weeks ago I went to Him, and He saved me; my wife is now a happy one, and my home is now a happy one. Instead of spending my money at the public-house I care for my family. Does any one else think I have been saved?"

Jack was no logician, but he saw sound reasoning here, and in his heart, young as he was, he answered in the negative.

Then commenced a prayer-meeting, mighty, powerful, and soul-moving. Jack was growing worse all the time.

At last one spoke of repentance, and came back again. Pressed him—persuaded. Jack jumped up, leaped onto two seats, and found himself at the penitent-form, but whether on his head or his heels he never knew.

He was soon surrounded by a red-headed man, who prayed him into the Kingdom, and that morning Jack Addie found, to his great joy, that "the Son of Man, hath power on earth to forgive sins."

Jack knew now what made the wearer of that strange face so happy, and how he could endure without protest the rough handling of an ungodly man. As for the sluggard, Jack left him in bed. He may be there now for all he knows. He never went back to inquire.

Scene V.

The old gentleman was indignant! "Since the maggot had gotten into Jack's head there was no doing anything with him!" he said.

As for himself, he could not see what laymen wanted to be meddling with preaching for. Why could they not leave it to God's "ministers," who were set apart for it, and were educated also, which was meet.

Jack, however, had it in his bones. How could he go on and not offer for the work? Did he not feel the call? When he kept silence his bones waxed old, and he was threatened with spiritual rheumatism. What was selling drapery compared to saving souls? He felt he must become an Officer.

And the old gentleman felt he must, too, unless he could do something to prevent it. A long-cherished wish to emigrate was revived, and he at last decided to send him to Canada. Jack would then be away from the influence of the Army, and in a new country would, he hoped, soon forget all about it.

Like a good Scotchman, he was long in making up his mind, but once decided he immediately put his resolution into practice, and in a few months Jack found himself in London, Canada, where he rapidly settled down to his chaotic environment, and cast about for some spiritual home.

Now Jack felt like a fish out of water. He had been saved in a warm community, and he sighed for the fire. Wherever he went there was something lacking. One institution was too dry, another too wet, while yet a third was too cold; but away out at the end of the city he discovered the "Church of the Colored Brethren," and to this he often repaired when his day's work was over, and when the church was open, to stir up the emotions of the fire, and smothering within him. Here he could shout "Glory!" to his heart's content.



With his ebony fellow-worshippers Jack sang:

"Come, brethren dear  
Who lab' de Lawd  
And taste de sweets  
Ob Jesus' Wud."

Elder Lightfoot would afterwards deliver a disquisition on "De grate sittin-up morning when the B'n'ar warn't to his subject, which he often did. Jack would join in with the shouters and cheer the old man on.

But this kind of thing was solely for his own benefit.

Jack felt all the time that he ought to strike out on the Army lines. He saw about him crowds of people out-ride the pale of the Churches, who, he knew, could be reached by Army methods. Ah! how many times the spirit was stifled, and Jack's conscience received an opiate.

One night, however, at a little cottage prayer-meeting he was conducting, a tall young fellow got up and sang:

"I'm living beneath the shade of the Cross,  
Counting the jewels of earth but dross."

It was a song of "Home, Sweet Home," a song that reached Jack's heart in a peculiar sense. Like an exile who hears the songs of his native land and boyhood days after the lapse of many years, and the sound of his native tongue after long silence, Jack's eyes filled with tears, and his heart with joy. Here, at last, was the communion he sought, for Jack's strain of Scotch blood told him that "two were better far than one for counsel or for fire."

As soon as the little meeting had closed, Jack went down to the young man and said, "Have you ever been a Salvation Army Soldier?"

"Not quite," was the reply, "but I was sanctified in the Army."

"You're the fellow I've been looking for the last six months," said Jack.

"And so are you!" the other replied. Whereupon the two fell upon each other's necks, and hugged each other vigorously, somewhat to the astonishment of those who remained.

SCENE VI.

At the next cottage meeting, Jack asked for volunteers for the open-air—and got none.

These "Soldiers of the Cross" weren't built that way. Some of them reckon it was hard enough to serve God inside, without going out on the street to do it publicly. And, besides, it wasn't orthodox.

Even the leader of the meeting that evening questioned the wisdom of it, and particularly that of giving up the indoor service (with a congregation of thirty) to go into the open-air (with a possible congregation of three thousand). Still, he could not, of course, decide for them. They must do that themselves.

So they decided, and Jack and Joe (for Jack's friend in need was Joe Ludgate) linked arms, and went and put up at the corner of Wellington and Dundas street, in the busiest part of the city, and where the greatest crowd of people passed to and fro.

Jack gave out, "I'm a soldier bound for glory." He had not finished the verse before they were thronged by a multitude.

Street preachers in these days were a very scarce commodity. As a matter of fact, there wasn't much call for them. Canadians were in the habit of taking their religion rather weak, with a little sugar in it. This kind was a little strong, and evidently a foreign production. It was not, so to write, indigenous to the soil. After events will show, however, that it was at first perverted facility for turning up, not moralize, or demoralize, as the case may be. To the corner.

After the verse had been lined out and sung through, a policeman (with that perverted facility for turning up when not wanted, and where not wanted) arrived on the scene, and pre-

ferred a request that they should "move on!"

Now these two warriors had "ben there before," and they were not prepared to go without a struggle. One policeman was scarcely enough to frighten them. When two or three gathered, however, things looked different, and when a moment later "the Chief" came on the scene, they were prepared to depart in peace, where they were taken away in pieces by the patrol.

The Chief, however, made it ensler for them.

"Look here, boys," he said, "If you are bound to preach, you can go to the market square and preach as much as you like."

For three weeks Jack and Joe met on the Market Square night after night, surrounded by a crowd who listened to all they had to say, but evinced no disposition to take advantage of it.

As for the hall, which they had free of charge, they could not get a soul into it. It was a dead letter, and in the end time in their history, and they were sorely tried and tempted.

One night, as they were conducting

their open-air meeting as usual, a notorious drunkard named "Whiskey Mason," who was a "soul," came up and began to interject funny remarks.

He kept this up to such an extent that they were obliged to close the meeting, and led him home as quick as a lamb.

At the first time the hall was filled, the crowd simply pushed the chairs aside, and jamming it out, and all. They wanted to see what these peculiar fellows were going to do with their prisoners.

Jack led Mason right up to the penitent-form, and at once prayed for him, while his companions followed this up by singing and prayer. Many a soul, ever, was in such a dazed condition that, to use his own words, he "could not see it as they saw it," and so Jack closed the meeting, and he and Ludgate took their "catch" home.

Now, Jack and Joe had two special leaders, besides the "Whiskey" Mason, who kept this up to such an extent that they were obliged to close the meeting, and he and Ludgate took their "catch" home.

They, however, soon reassured her, and made her feel they were her friends.

They put Mason to bed, and one of them watched him all night. In the morning, when the "craving" came on him, they gave him strong coffee, and kept him in bed. To make sure that he should not escape them, they further paid a man to watch by his bedside all day.

Mason had not been sober for thirty years. The whiskey had completely saturated his system; and as soon as his supply was cut off he became weak and ill.

For ten days they looked after him; sat up with him by night, and paid their man to watch him by day. At the end of that period he had recovered, and came to the open-air meeting, where he got soundly converted.

This was a great catch, and as an advertising medium was worth thousands to them. In this connection it may also be remarked that "Whiskey" was in everybody's mouth. Even the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church mentioned the incident, and wondered if the conversion was permanent. After this, the hall was filled at every meeting.

Now the tide rose rapidly. Every night Jack and his companions landed their man to watch him by night, and he kept this up to such an extent that they were obliged to close the meeting, and he and Ludgate took their "catch" home.

(To be continued.)

## MAJOR COLLIER AT WINNIPEG.

S. M. KNEE-DRILL—Promotions—Shea's Army—Soul's Saved.

MAJOR COLLIER led the meetings at Winnipeg all day yesterday. We went in for souls from the start. Kne-Drill at 6:30 a. m. was very near.

One for pardon and one for deliverance. The Holiness Meeting was a beauty, and three more sought forgiveness.

Two had never been saved before. The other was an ex-Sergeant-Major from the West. Afternoon good, good conviction. None yielded.

The Mayor promoted Carter, Brown and Fraser, of the Shelter, to the rank of Lieutenant. Night, Barracks crowded; had to get extra seats from the small hall.

Two had never been saved before, and two for pardon. We have just returned from early Kne-Drill this morning, where one who was wounded yesterday surrendered. We drew in victory. Shea's Army worked well.—T. H. C.

God be merciful to me, a sinner!

Some people have said, "The devil is dead!" And they gave a sweet, satisfied smile. "Well, then," we replied, "Since Satan has died, Who is doing his work all the while?"





# God-Glorifying! Christ-Magnifying! Saint-Inspiring!

## THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY NEXT WEEK!

ONLY 5 CENTS.

16 PAGES---20 WITH COVER.

Entrancing!  
Fascinating!  
Charming!  
Solid!  
Substantial!  
Inspiring!

A BIG VARIETY OF WRITERS.  
BOOMERS.  
READERS.

The F.O's, the D.O's, the F.O's, the  
L.O's, the Soldiers will be Re-  
presented--No Family Circle  
Should be Without it.

### THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

writes a profusely illustrated article  
entitled:

#### "REMINISCENCES."

being a series of word-pictures of some  
of the most thrilling moments of the  
Commissioner's experience as an Army  
Officer.

Here are a few:

"In the British Commons."

"A Sea Scene."

"Highgate Salvation Marvels."

—10—

"Her Glass and His Tongue."

is the title of a story by Ensign Page.

—10—

#### "THE STORY-TELLER,"

an entirely new and novel thing; will  
be one of the most fascinating produc-  
tions ever issued from our presses. A  
great number of prominent and well-  
known Officers will take part.

—10—

#### "Our Veterans,"

being messages from some of the oldest  
Soldiers in the ranks, is heart-stirring  
and soul-bracing.

But we have not space to tell the  
many beauties of this wonderful num-  
ber of the wonderful War Cry, only to  
say that it will be such a live, glowing,  
stinging, stirring five cents' worth of  
Salvation Army as must make the de-  
mons around this Territory howl with  
fiendish vexation, and sink into the  
back-ground like whipped cream.

## WAR CRY

### The Big Financial Victory in Toronto.

Glory be to God! "Toronto the Good"  
is still good to do a magnificent thing  
for God and the war when called upon.

THE Commissioner's great financial  
effort at the Temple on the first day  
of the Special Week was a splendid  
success, and no doubt helped the faith  
and efforts of our comrades in the  
remaining portion of the Territory.

It not only broke the record for To-  
ronto and the Territory, but, so far  
as we know, for the world; there is  
no record of any day's gatherings to-  
talling \$1,417 for the first day of the  
Self-Dental Week.

Those who know Toronto will see the  
significance of the accomplishment, and  
perhaps be encouraged to add their  
faith to that of the worthy District  
Officers for a full manifestation of  
that revival, the beginnings of which  
we have already experienced.

—10—

### The Christmas War Cry Next Week

Truth is stranger than fiction, and  
really more fascinating than romance,  
and those who invest the modest five  
cents in our next week's issue will un-  
doubtedly realize this when they have  
perused the thrilling stories with which  
the all-active pages of the Christmas  
Cry will teem. It will be a fairly re-  
presentative Cry, its great variety of  
contributions including some of almost  
every rank in the Army, from the Field  
Commissioner down.

The Christmas War Cry will be pro-  
fusely illustrated and its lithographed  
cover is declared by all who have seen  
it to excel anything we have done yet.  
The worth of our special issues has  
been fully attested, not only by our own  
Officers and Soldiers, who have been  
loud in their appreciation of past is-  
sues, but by the press of our Territory,  
which has bestowed the highest praise  
on what has been done in this line in  
the past.

These special issues call for a good  
deal of skilful and painstaking work,  
not only from the contributor and  
Editorial worker, but from the etching,  
composing and press departments, and  
such work will, as heretofore, be freely  
given so that we can promise the forty  
thousand purchasers of the coming  
Christmas number that from beginning  
to end of the whole process it will  
have the united, honest and hearty ef-  
fort of one and all engaged upon it,  
to produce the very best thing up-to-  
date.

Don't fail to purchase a copy.

## GAZETTE.

### PROMOTIONS—

CAPTAIN CAVE, Newfoundland  
Provincial Headquarters, to be En-  
sign.

CAPTAIN KENWAY, Eastern Pro-  
vince, to be Ensign.

CADET MOSS, Lamaline, to be  
Ensign.

LIEUTENANT SHEPHERD, Mor-  
ton's Harbor, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT JAMES, Herring  
Neck, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BENNETT, Carbon-  
ear, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT TILLEY, Lamaline,  
to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT SPARKS, Burlington,  
to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT CAPE, Triton, to  
be Captain.

LIEUTENANT HOWELL, Goose-  
berry Island, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT NORMAN, Seal Cove,  
to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BRACE, Channel, to  
be Captain.

LIEUTENANT LESTER, Special  
Work, to be Captain.

CADET CLARK, Twillingate, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET JAMES, Harbor Grace, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET DEWITTA, Napanee, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET HIND, Picton, to be Lieu-  
tenant.

CADET CARTER, Odessa, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET M. JAMES, Burlington, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET CUMMINGS, Grand Bank,  
to be Lieutenant.

CADET T. PITCHER, Bonaville, to be  
Lieutenant.

CADET POLLITT, Indian Arm, to be  
Lieutenant.

### APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN KENWAY, Southern Dis-  
trict, Newfoundland.

ENSIGN MOSS, St. John's II.

CAPTAIN BENNETT, Hearts' De-  
light.

CAPTAIN TILLEY, Western Bay.

CAPTAIN SPARKS, Grand Bank.

CAPTAIN CAPE, Fortune.

CAPTAIN HOWELL, Seal Cove.

CAPTAIN NORMAN, Tilt Cove.

CAPTAIN SHEPHERD, Triton.

CAPTAIN BRACE, Gooseberry Is-  
land.

LIEUTENANT CLARK, Grand  
Bank.

LIEUTENANT JAMES, Exploits.

LIEUTENANT CUMMINGS, For-  
tune.

LIEUTENANT M. JAMES, Tilt Cove.

LIEUTENANT PITCHER, Catalina.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Commissioner.



To those who are so much opposed  
to things out of the regular line of  
things, I fear they are going to have  
a bad time of it. Just to think of it!  
Self-Dental just over, and now some-  
thing else! Whatever can it be?

Nothing more or less than an extra  
special edition of the War Cry, — a  
Christmas number, with a Colored  
Front Page, showing the Commissioner  
in winter costume, caught in a snow-  
storm. All who have seen the proof  
declare it the finest thing yet, as far  
as a colored front page is concerned.

As to what is inside of the covers, I  
leave this to others to tell. The cover  
is worth the price without any inside,  
although there are sixty-one other pages.  
The price—Ten cents, did you say? It  
should be, and many would like it to  
be, but all the same it is not to be—  
only FIVE cents. We are getting gen-  
erous and are giving a Cry worth ten  
cents for five.

The Commissioner welcomes, installs,  
introduces, swears in,—whatever way  
you like,—Major Pugmire, as Provin-  
cial Officer of the Eastern Province.  
This gives St. John an early second  
visit, which will be very much ap-  
preciated. Not only does the Commis-  
sioner welcome the Major and his dear  
wife, but we will join in the chorus,  
and shout "Welcome!"

The Major has struck a proper place,  
and a proper people. Let them have the  
real, old-fashioned Salvation Army.  
Major! It suits them very much—  
the more the better. May the blessing of  
God rest upon you, and lead the East-  
ern warriors to victory!

Candidates, hurry up! How slow  
some of you are in coming! Some have  
come, others are on the way. A  
certain Candidate, in a certain City,  
went to a certain medical man to be  
examined as a Candidate for the work.  
The Doctor carefully examined him,  
and reports as follows: "I took this  
Candidate in to family worship, hap-  
pening at the moment: I handed him  
the Bible. He read and prayed, and as  
I find him sound spiritually and phy-  
sically, I have much pleasure in re-  
commending him."

Brigadier Margetta has paid the Ter-  
ritorial Headquarters a visit. He came  
to see the Commissioner on special busi-  
ness. Many things he discussed, and  
made known many wants, getting some  
of them supplied, and others postponed  
for a more convenient season. He ap-  
peared well pleased with his visit and  
soon back full of faith for the winter's  
campaign. Talk about plans and  
schemes—any amount of them! If  
every Barracks don't have a small  
hall and an Officers' Quarters fixed up  
in it, then it won't be the Brigadier's  
fault.

Adjutant Hunter, of Stratford, we  
are sorry to hear, is far from being  
well. We fear it will be necessary for  
him to have a rest.

Mrs. Major Cooper is improving. It  
will be necessary for her to rest, too,  
shortly.

Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman called at  
Headquarters, going to rest at Cuming-  
ton, where we ask our comrades to remem-  
ber them and all other sick warriors,  
in their prayers.

## DOINGS OF THE STAFF BAND For Self-Dental.

We commenced on Friday by going  
to Lippincott, where Colonel Jacobs  
conducted a united meeting to launch  
the Self-Dental effort in the city. A  
rousing march preceded this meeting,  
in which the Colonel gave us an in-  
spiring practical address. The Chief  
Secretary having to leave early, Major  
Gaskin took the reins. Several Officers  
spoke, and we finished up with a real  
hot, all-active prayer meeting. One  
man volunteered for Salvation.

Sunday was the day of days which  
we spent with the Commissioner at  
the Temple. The Band worked hard,  
enjoyed the meetings and received rich  
blessings. Able hands than mine have  
already reported these meetings.

### At the Temple.

Monday night we marched out in fast  
falling rain, the lively martial strains  
of the music caused many to stop, and  
not a few kindly remarks were passed  
on the excellent playing. Inside Major  
Gaskin led. The Band—Brass, String,  
etc., gave a splendid musical festival,  
which was thoroughly enjoyed. The  
singing and dancing was lovely. Ensign  
Kenning sang "Crowned with Thorns"  
and Staff-Captain Minnie finished the  
meeting with an earnest heart-talk.  
Many were in tears, but none yielded.  
Over four dollars for Self-Dental fund  
was obtained.

### At Lippincott.



### ADJT. ENSLOW.

In charge of Lippincott Training Garrison and Corps.

Wednesday night the rain poured  
down, too heavy for a march, but the  
band was not to be deterred, so they  
ascended to the roof, and discoursed  
sweet, thrilling music there. A nice  
crowd gathered inside. The band  
well, following nearly the same pro-  
gramme as on Monday. Staff-Captain  
Minnie again spoke straight to the  
people's hearts; one man came for-  
ward, but did not seem to understand,  
being under the influence of drink.  
May God save him. \$3.25 was given  
for Self-Dental here.

### Lisgar St.

Thursday night at Lisgar Street was  
a glorious time. Fine night, splendid  
march, barracks nearly full, Band ex-  
celled themselves. 'Twas a season of  
joy and blessing! The Chief Secretary  
was in command, and gave us what  
he termed a one-cent address. 'Twas  
well worth the price, being very pun-  
gent and practical. We finished up with  
one soul and seven dollars to swell  
our Self-Dental Target.

At every place we received a hearty  
invitation to "come again," the people  
were so delighted.—A. Gaskin.

The following scriptural quotation is  
big type appeared across three columns  
of The Globe, (Toronto) on Thanksgiving  
Day:

Thou, Lord, has made me glad  
through Thy work. I will triumph in  
the works of Thy hands.—Psalm xcvi.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He  
is good, for His mercy endureth for-  
ever.—Psalm cxxxv.

Oh that men would praise the Lord  
for His goodness and for His wonder-  
ful works to the children of men.—  
Psalm cxlviii.

# TORONTO'S RECORD-BREAKING DAY!

Biggest Total for the First Day of Self-Denial in the World.

**\$1,417**

ON THE ALTAR IN THE OLD TEMPLE.

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER LEADING ON.

**H A-HA-HA-HA-HA!** Good for the Queen City! \$1,417 the first day of the 1996 Self-Denial effort.

It deserves publishing round the world. They used to do big things in Toronto, "in the early days," but, oh my! this 18 an eye-opener!

This record-breaking achievement took place on Sunday, 22nd November, at-mark the place,—the Temple, Toronto. It happened thus: The Field Commissioner, who is a very consistent Self-Denier, (so consistent, in fact, that some of us who happen to know think the Commissioner will have no self left to deny if she doesn't soon get on to a better diet than potatoes) decided that she would launch the Self-Denial Campaign herself at Toronto, and that an effort should be put forth for a sum which would do credit to the famous old battle-ground, and publish to the world that God is still amongst us, enabling us to do exploits for Him.

Accordingly, plans were made and the target for the day fixed at

**\$1,000.**

"\$1,000! It quite took some people's breath away to think of it! '\$1,000 in one day?' 'At the Temple?' were the type of half incredulous expressions around amongst those who correctly thought it a big thing; others said, 'We shall do it alright!'"

### Prayer was Made.

The Commissioner herself, in a Headquarters' noon-day prayer-meeting, which she led just before the famous 2nd, laid it before the Lord in fervent prayer, in which the unuttered expression of many another heart joined.

The morning meeting was a beautiful time. The Commissioner spoke very earnestly and fervently from the words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," and at the close there was seen the beautiful spectacle of the multitude renewing their vows of consecration to the Lord. An excellent thing, by the way, at the commencement of Self-Denial work as well as on other occasions.

The afternoon was, of course,

### The Big Time.

A great crowd assembled, and those who know the old Temple will understand that it was a very unusual Sunday afternoon congregation when we say that the gallery, which had to be opened, was soon nearly filled. The Commissioner gave a Self-Denial address of an interesting and touching nature, interspersed with singing, led on by our admirable Headquarters'

Band and the Temple Band amalgamated. The playing was so arranged as to fit in with the speaking, and added not a little to the effectiveness of the hour.

Then came THE moment, towards which all the day's doings had been focused.

In front of the platform, and veiled by a red cloth, was the Altar which had been specially constructed for the occasion.

The Band played. Certain Officers in white sashes took their stand in front of the Altar.

Then the Band ceased. Then a bugle-call was sounded from Ensign Kenning's cornet.

Then Staff-Captain Munroe and Adjutant Byers unfastened the corners of the red covering and unveiled the Altar, disclosing an oblong structure some 16 or 18 feet long, covered with gold paper, furnished with four horns, one at each corner, and each bearing along the top of it six metal plates, on which the offerings were to be laid. Along the front of this golden-looking Altar was the motto, "The altar sanctifieth the gift."

Of course, this was all done in a "twink," "so to speak." Then the "promissory notes," "dandy," handy little slips of white paper with the following marked in blue ink

### SELF-DENIAL SUNDAY.

Toronto, Nov. 22nd, 1896.

For the Glory of God and the Salvation of souls, I promise COMMISSIONER EVA HOOTH (towards the great Self-Denial effort, 1996) the sum of \$..... to be paid in full between November 22nd and 26th, 1896.

Signed.....  
Address.....  
Name of Corps.....  
were handed around.

Then it was money and promises, dollar bills and silver, special messengers running hither and thither distributing promissory notes on the one hand and collecting them and the offerings on the other.

It was a bonnie sight.

That retiring and unassuming young Officer, Staff-Captain Smeeton, the Army's careful and capable Comptroller of Finance, was literally in his element. He distinctly rose to the occasion, and, bundling those promissory notes, (which had been flying briskly,) into that neat shape peculiar to those long-accustomed to counting dollar bills, he made the Commissioner aware, by total after total, of the splendid progress being made.

There was a mighty rise of faith when these amounts were read out, that was plain enough, although the volleys were a trifle languid.

Finally the reading out of the promises had to be given up owing to their great number, but there was an air of extra triumphant animation in the Commissioner's face and Colonel Jacobs looked wise and knowing as a Methuselah.

At night the Temple was full to the top seat of the gallery, and some stood for want of a seat. That's good! The Commissioner, who ought to have been resting after her great Newfoundland Campaign, was again to the front, and spoke for some time. Then Colonel Jacobs sprang like a lion to the rail. He backed up the Commissioner's message with the desperation of a man who properly realized the urgency of the moment. Then, when two poor sinners had been snatched as brands from the burning, the Commissioner, who had been full tilt in the fight all along, read out the long-promised announcement of the day's financial total—\$1417!

We thanked the Lord, with uplift-

ed hands,—hard hands, soft hands, white hands, brown hands,—around the altar. We sang the praises and glorified the Giver of every good gift. Oh! 'twas a pretty sight, and 'twas old-fashioned, too. Paul's people "lifted up holy hands without wrath and doubting," and we were, therefore, in the Apostolic succession.

Then we did something else. It was an extravagant thing to do, but we did it. We—actually danced!

MAJOR COMPLAIN.

## East Ontario String Band

Under Mrs. Major Sharp.

### A Woman Orator and a Boy Euphonium Soloist.

We are still on the move, and are having grand success. Praise the Lord! Six souls, financial help, Officers and Soldiers encouraged are the results of our visits.

The series of meetings at Newport, Vt., was a success. Adjutant Blackburn, whom the band thinks a good deal of, drove us over hill and valley to Coaticook and Sherbrooke. We were all able to sing:

"And the Adjutant drove, and he drove, drove, drove,

And a very good drive drove he;  
For he got us safe here, with our throats all clear,  
For the Sherbrooke Jubilee."

We were here two nights, and on account of the Salvation Army Hall being packed the first night, the Adjutant was compelled to take the Art Hall for the second night.

Our next place is the old fortified city of Quebec. Our four days' stay here was a success in every way. As our beloved leader, Mrs. Major Sharp—an ideal speaker, or as a popular paper stated, "The Woman Orator,"—read and explained the will of God concerning those out of Christ, four persons made the start for Heaven.

The conductor comes through the car, saying, "Richmond next station." We had a beautiful time here.

Now for Sherbrooke again, where we met Lieutenant Green's brother, known as "The boy euphonium soloist" of the Peterboro Band. He makes a great improvement in our Band, as he brought a violinello as well as his euphonium.

What about Self-Denial? Depend on us, we will do our best. Our rule is the same old. In which way we have done well.—J. M. G.



\$1,417 on the Self-Denial Altar at the Temple, Toronto.

# A Desperate Battle

To be Fought in Newfoundland.

**1,150 Prisoners to be Taken and 465 New Soldiers to be Mustered in this Winter—A Council of War does Business.**

Among the many things discussed in a recent Staff-Council held by the Newfoundland Provincial Officer was the increase of souls, and our Soldiers' Roll. The District Officers, without exception, quite agreed with the Major that the coming winter months should be a time of advance all around, and accordingly fixed their targets.

The Provincial Target is 1,150 souls, and 465 Soldiers.

The District Targets are: St. John's, 200 souls and 50 Soldiers; Harbor Grace, 150 souls and 50 Soldiers; Carleton Place, 150 souls and 50 Soldiers; Bonaville, 150 souls and 50 Soldiers; Grand Bank, 150 souls and 50 Soldiers; Greenspond, 60 souls and 40 Soldiers; Twillingate, 125 souls and 70 Soldiers; Tilt Cove, 150 souls and 70 Soldiers.

No doubt the targets look quite large, but we can get there. What say you, St. John's? Of course you don't forget the rousing time you had at the Commissioner's meetings, the mighty blessings, the rivers of living water which flowed, the blessed inspirations and the floods of light you received, the effects of which have already been seen. Get there? Why, yes, go away over! Target far too small!

Harbor Grace and Carboneau come next. What shall we say, Comrades? Will the absence of a District Officer hinder the progress of a Boom? No! No! The Officers, to a man, will take up, and push and push again, until they push their number into the Kingdom. But that is not all. There is something in store for these Districts yet. It has always been the case, when one goes another comes, and your sorrow will be turned into gladness, and your mourning into a real Newfoundland dance. Wait awhile then; "you will see what you will see."

"He that winneth souls is wise." What shall we expect of the Eastern Districts with such leaders as Ensigns Ebbary and McKee to lead the forces on to victory? There is no doubt but what a mighty revival will spread around, and their targets will be doubled. Shall it be so? Work, pray, and believe: God will give you the victory.

Grand Bank comes next. They, too, have lost their District Officer. Still, there is something in the wind, and before the boom is properly started he will be taking up the reins and marching the Southern Braves on to war.

Then there are the Northern Districts under the Parson and New-Man. The winter has already set in, and many of the harbors are frozen up; but there is a stream which flows all the year round, which neither frost nor anything else can hinder. We are believing for it to flow this winter until every soul shall be born of the Spirit of God.

Now, my Comrades, go forward, and let the Winter's Boom be a mighty success.

ALEX. McMILLAN,  
Provincial Officer.

## A Tremendous HIT



Yes the Christmas War Cry will be a hand lifter, and don't you forget that the price will be 6 cents.

The art of life consists in the economical of its opportunities.—Bishop Fraser.

# The Soldier Who Led the Way.

It was as long ago as the battle of Inkerman. The hero of the story still lives. He was at that time only a Lieutenant, but appeared to have been acting as Captain on the occasion here described. Lieutenant Acton, of the 77th Regiment, was standing on the battlefield, with a remnant of the men belonging to his detachment,—not more than six or seven in number, when Major Lord West, of the 21st, came across to him and said, "I see several of your men here; get them together, and forward a Russian battery on the heights which was firing upon them—he ordered Acton to go and join two companies of other regiments, and to order them to join you, and advance against the battery."

Lord West went on to intimate that Acton's object must be to take the battery or drive it off.

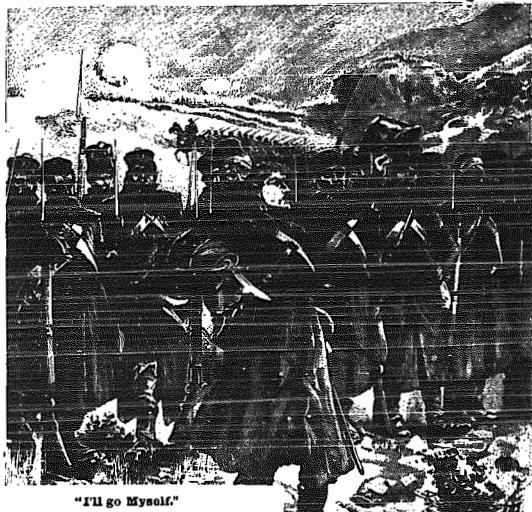
The young officer marched off with his men, and joining the two companies, they formed all three together one line, facing the battery marked out for

Dannenberg, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, constrained by what he described in his despatch as "the murderous fire of the enemies' artillery," gave orders to retreat.

"So at last the battle was won,"—Inkerman—called "The Soldiers' battle."

One of the immediate causes of the Russians' first retrograde movement has been ascribed in history to the young officer, little more than a boy, who led the way at all costs.

It may be you stand alone,—perhaps in some city office, the only one who wishes to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Then take courage from this story of one man who was resolved to obey orders at all costs. It is hard, you say, to take a stand among your comrades. Yes, temptation, difficulty, enemies within and without, the devil and all his hosts of evil make it hard. You will never be able to keep straight or to lead others straight in your own strength. You may be resolved to shun



"I'll go myself."

attack. Acton then called to his side an officer from each of the two companies which formed the right and left of the line. He told them his orders, and said, "If you will attack the battery on either flank, I'll do it in front, and recommended that advance should be immediate. The others said the three companies were not strong enough. Acton's reply was, "If you won't join me, I'll obey my orders and attack with the 77th." So saying, he ordered his men to advance.

"I'll go myself," was the resolute determination expressed by their Captain. He moved forward, and soon found himself quite alone at a distance of thirty or forty yards in front of his men. Presently James Trevell, a private in the 77th, ran out of the ranks, and placed himself by the side of his Captain, saying, "Sir, I'll stand by you." Then another soldier sprang out of the company on the right, placed himself close abreast of the Captain, whilst Trevell continued to stand on the other side. The officer and two soldiers moved forward towards the battery. They went a few yards without being followed, when suddenly, to Acton's infinite joy, the whole of the 77th men moved forward after their Captain and formed up behind him. The two companies did not long remain halted on the ground where Acton left them, but worked their way steadily up in the direction of the battery.

A distant yet formidable power now began to take part in the combat.

First one, then another of the mighty eighteen-pounder shot flew wanging over the heads of our soldiers, who sought to strike at the hapless battery assailed.

Acton's men were still tearing onward to attack in front and flank. The Russians, fearing lest their guns should fall into the hands of our people, hastened to limber up and retreat. When Acton and his men ran up into the sight of the battery, they found only one gun-carriage and a couple of tumbrils. Thus the battery was driven from its position.

The forward movement then continued.

of rush, drive and go. Business men, from early morn till midnight hours, drive their business transactions. Many, to say, rush Christ in a corner. He is driven to the corner, out of their business affairs into some inner corner, faces wrinkle, their hair greys, they totter and tumble into the grave, literally choked, and thus, in worldly affairs, going to judgment with "years of service wasted," to stand before Him whose help, succour and presence they sellers drive their infernal trade. The soldiers drive their infernal trade. The prostitutes drive their awful traffic. On, on, on goes this poor world, being literally driven to ruin and despair, and the Arch-Fiend gloats over the victory.

Salvationists, drive on! King Jesus cries out for Hallelujah drivers, to drive home His claims upon the hearts and consciences of every sinner and backslider. Go ahead, Captain! Keep at it, Lieutenant! Hell is earned! Hell is earned! Hordes of devils are being driven to its pit. Up and after them! Overtake the enemy, and then with hand-to-hand conflict seize his prey and drive them in the Hallelujah chariot straight to the Cross, where every fetter can be broken, and where the heaviest and vilest burden can be loosened. My comrades, drive on! drive on! DRIVE ON!!!

J. READ.

## BLIZZARD BLASTS

FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

**Fifteen Souls Seek Salvation—Visit to the Asylum.**

Boarding the cars at Valley City, we were hurried off to that beautiful town—Jamestown. The James River, for a four days' campaign.

The beating of drums and the crowd of Salvationists at the station as the train steamed in and the "Blizzard Band" boys feel that a good time was before them in this town. Nor were they disappointed. Filling into the Asylum, the meeting was held in Captain Kemp at the head, a march around the town announced that the

Blizzard Band had struck the Town.

The Army Hall had been secured for the Saturday and Sunday meetings. And as we came in from the march for our first meeting, a full hall greeted us. To say that the people were pleased with the meeting is drawing it very mild. Sunday morning knee-drill was a sword-sharpening time. At the holiness meeting hearts were melted. In the afternoon the realities of salvation were placed before the people so as to convince them that the Christian life was the best. The night meeting was the crownstone time. The large hall was literally packed, and at the close two souls cried for mercy. Monday night the meeting was held in the "back," which was almost uncomfortably packed, but two souls crowned this meeting.

On Tuesday afternoon

**The Insane Asylum Authorities**

kindly placed their team at our disposal for a visit to the institution with our String Band. Here we spent a most profitable time. The more we came to each ward we would stand and play a tune or two for the inmates, who were fairly delighted, many of whom thanked us for the counter attack. We all left the Asylum, feeling more than ever thankful to God for the health and sound mind we enjoyed. At night we held a meeting in the hall of the Campaign, and all went in for a desperate attack on the hosts of Satan. Music from the Band and Service songs were sung. The band was all. Our aim was the Salvation of souls. In drawing in the net, the first catch was a dear old lady, then a young lady, then a brother. These souls were through when the penitent-form was cleared, only to be filled again and again with penitents. Truly a blizzard of Salvation had struck the meeting, and it raged until

**Ten Precious Souls**

had professed to find Salvation. It was half an hour past midnight when the meeting closed.

Bismarck was our next appointment for three days. God again came to our help. In an appeal for the counter attack, we had good crowds each night, and one soul found Salvation. The Self-Denial fund was very materially helped, too.—E. Flat.

The Czar of Russia has assumed the active control of all the departments of the Government, and has ordered communications from the foreign and other departments, without consulting any of his chief officials.

open evil, to live a steady sort of life; but to really follow Jesus Christ as a leader you must begin by taking Jesus Christ as your Saviour.

Receive Him as the surety who has paid the penalty due to your guilt; receive Him as the Saviour who is able to "save his people from their sins;" receive Him as your Leader, who says, "Follow me," and so by His grace you may prove an example to win others to follow you as you follow Christ.

E. L. B. B.

**"GOOD-BYE! DRIVE ON!"**

With the death-rattle in his throat, an old Welsh preacher, after fifty-four years' ministry among the mountaineers and shepherds of that rugged little principality, gasped the words, as he waved his hands to those about him, "Good-bye! Drive on!" The warrior was Christmas Evans, and in his dying hour, the old days of mountain travel seemed to have crossed his memory.

A few days before he had preached a remarkable sermon, and at its close, when descending the pulpit stairs, he was heard to say, "This is my last sermon! From that hour he sank. Blessed final farewell was his, and more blessed exhortation,—"Drive on." Drive, drive, drive. The world is full





## HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A Testimony from Adjt. Magee, of  
Quebec.

Without faith, it is impossible to please Him.

For five long years I tried to grasp Salvation in my own way,—by reading, praying, singing, attending meetings, going to the penitential-form, pleading, groaning, etc., but at last one afternoon in a little meeting where seven or eight people had gathered to pray, I got liberty.

The leader of the meeting, a young man who was once a pugilist and a drunkard, sat down directly in front of me and said, "Tell me what is the matter with you? why don't you get saved?" I answered that I thought I was not as repentant as I should be.

"Are you sorry enough for sin to be willing to give it up?" he questioned.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you believe God is able to save you now?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe He is willing to save you just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe He does save you now?"

The light of God's Spirit flashed upon my mind and soul. The straight-forward courage of the Soldier of Jesus held me to the point; my heart went up to God; I ventured out and answered, "Yes, Sir, I believe He does."

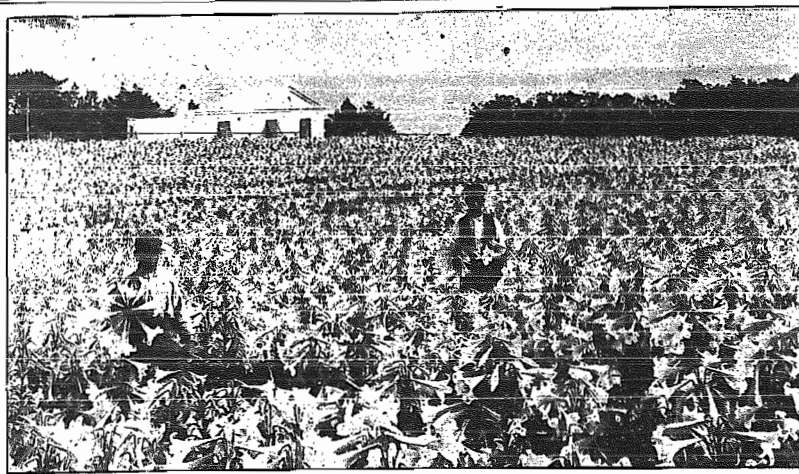
"Give your testimony," said somebody.

"My feelings are not changed, but I am out on the promise," I said.

This was my first step by faith. It did me more good than five years of good resolutions. I was a new creature: old things had passed away. The leader got out of his carriage and walked home with me, and talked of the simplicity of faith in God. How often since then, in hours of temptation, when every human effort seemed to fail, when the waves of sorrow, of loneliness, of disappointment and darkness, threatened to overwhelm my soul, that simple faith in God has carried me through.

To those who may be down-hearted, discouraged, misunderstood, misrepresented, tempted and tried, I would say, "Have faith in God."

An African explorer, bent on making a time record in crossing the continent, has killed several hundred natives. If the official and unofficial outrages in the dark continent could be disclosed the people would forget the Armenian horrors.—Toronto "Globe."



Field of Lilies in the Island of Bermuda.—One of the Army's latest openings.

## BERMUDA VS. SATAN'S LEGIONS.

On Wednesday, the 4th of November, a grand meeting was held in the hall at Hamilton, under charge of the brothers,—Brother Edwards commanding, with Brother T. Harvey, the Halleulah engineer, acting as his Lieutenant. The hall was packed and an especially good meeting was held, with good testimonies, good singing, and collection.

Sunday, 7th. A grand rally of troops at the 7 a. m. parade. We were served out a new supply of ammunition by the Almighty Quartermaster. It was used in the attack at night, and after hard fighting, two sinners plunged into the Fountain for cleansing, and a poor backslider returned to the Father, Halleulah!

Monday, 8th. The Royal Troops, commanded by Adjutant DesBrisay, with her aides, Captains Johnson and Smith, and Lieutenant Forsyth, supported by the baby Band, attacked the forts of Darkness at Warwick, making havoc in their entrenchments, and capturing a prisoner. Glory to God!

Good meetings all the week. More souls, more cash, more trials, and more help from Him to carry out the work. On Saturday, 14th, Brother Erickson, a Swedish Soldier, gave us a solo, which was highly pleasing. "Der Jesus I Love De," etc.

Sunday, 15th. At laybreak the reveille sounded for all the troops. Many came to kneedrill, got the fire into them, and commenced the skirmish. At the Holiness Meeting, one poor, hardened sinner, who had withstood the shock of many an attack, surrendered to the King, and laid down his arms of rebellion.—A. Goodman, Regular Correspondent.

## "Sin-Chains Riven."

Our forthcoming Rescue Booklet will soon be in the hands of the public.

It will be an intensely interesting report of this year's work of the Women's Social Department, and just the very thing for removing prejudice, winning sympathy, and giving a comprehensive view of this side of the Army's work.

A beautiful portrait of the Field Commissioner will be an attractive feature of this publication. Also the Introduction from her pen.

There will also be startling testimonies from leading Police Officials and others to the good accomplished by this branch of the work.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth has an important article, "Qualifications of a Rescue Officer."

Mrs. Major Read contributes two new stories, an article descriptive of Leagues of Mercy and "Preventive Work," and A. J. P. writes an article on the children's work.

There will be a variety of other articles and sketches for the proper appreciation of which all must purchase and peruse an early copy.

## QUEBEC.

Booming War Crys amongst the Battery soldiers; sell like "hot cakes." The only trouble is there are not many soldiers stationed here, but thank God we can purify their literature a little. Lieutenant Dora is a good Cry Boomer. Fred R. Bloss, Captain.

## ORILLIA.

WALTER DALTON HORACIO HADDEN WILLIAMS.

Good day yesterday. Afternoon the General's conversation between ex-Sergeant Demas and stranger took well. Your humble servant took the ex-Sergeant's part, while Captain Lewis took the part of stranger. It made a good meeting, interspersed by suitable choruses. At night we dedicated Walter, Dalton, Horacio, Hadden, Williams to the Lord, and wound up with music and dancing over two prodigals returning home. Halleulah!—J. Jones, Ensign.

## A DEAF MUTE SALVATIONIST.

NEWCASTLE. — Principle events this week are: One sanctified, presence of our comrade, the deaf-mute Salvationist, miners' meeting, and half-night of prayer.—Carrie Reeves.

## SCILLY COVE.

Arrived at Scilly Cove after a short stormy trim; found the Soldiers in real fighting trim. Had with us all day on Sunday Captains Hiseock and Noel, also Lieutenant Boston. One soul in the Fountain at night.—Lieut. Newell.

## HALIFAX RESCUE HOME.

THREE SOULS SEEKING SALVATION AT A MEETING LED BY THE COMMISSIONER IN THE HOME.

Although our Commissioner was very tired after her long journey from Newfoundland, we had the pleasure of having her for a meeting with our girls on Sunday evening, and as we listened to the earnest, loving talk, so full of real, deep interest, we felt it was indeed a privilege to have her with us. At the close of the meeting, three came forward and asked God for pardon. Jessie McDonald.

## BRAYTON.

Monday night we had a visit from our District Officer, Adjutant Taylor, accompanied by Captain Coy. Two Local Officers commissioned. Good time rest of week. Adjutant Fearr with us Sunday night. Sinners see their need of a Saviour, but will not give in. Believe to see a break soon, praying that God will give convicted ones no peace until they fall at His feet.—G. S. Proctor, Reg. Cor.

## BEN BRYAN SWALLOWED.

BROCKVILLE.—Grand welcome to Captain Bryan. People swallowed him wholesale. Major Sharp, our Provincial Officer, has visited us, which was a great blessing to us. On Sunday, 15th, one soul out for Salvation, who has returned to give God glory since. Kendall and Bryan.

## PORT HOPE.

Friday, half night of prayer, glorious time; three souls out for cleansing. Sunday, grand day, two souls in the Fountain. Praise God!—Annie Brown, Reg. Cor.

## OWEN SOUND.

The Lord is blessing us in Owen Sound. During the past week we have had the joy of seeing four souls leave the path of sin and start for the better land.—Lieut. Alice Charlton.

## A DRUNKARD SAVED.

CAMPBELLFORD. — A confirmed drunkard saved and standing sold.

Two backsliders Sunday night; thirteen on march; everything rising. War Cry sold out. Everything and everybody all ablaze for Self-Denial. In Jehovah we fight.—Eldimore.

## WAMPETON, N.D.

We are still fighting, determined to win. Have had several souls in the Fountain, and give God the glory.—Sister Grieve.

## ST. JOHN V. N.B.

In spite of all the powers of the enemy we are having victory here. Yesterday's meetings good; afternoon and night led by Staff-Captain Gage, assisted by Ensigns Adams and Payne. Three souls captured. Halleulah!—Lieutenant Miller.

## HALIFAX I.

Since last report souls have been saved. On Thursday night four rescued. On Thursday night four recruits were enrolled as Soldiers. Our new Captain (McIntyre) is a whole team at War Cry selling. May the Lord bless him, and I have no doubt you bless him too, as far as possible. (Aye, aye, man, He's an Angel!—Sam.) May the Lord keep us good and in good fighting trim. Amen!—Secretary Caslin.



## OWEN SOUND JUNIORS.

Danille McPhee.  
Nellie Perkins.

Edith Speers.  
Nagpie Speers.



# SWEET FOR SAINTS AND SONGS FOR SINNERS.

## A Full Surrender.

Tunes.—Little Thought Sanaria's Daughter; or, Lord, I Make a Full Surrender, B. J., 3, 1.

1 Lord, I make a full surrender,  
All I have I yield to Thee;  
For Thy love, so great and tender,  
Take the gift of me.  
Lord, I bring my whole affection,  
Claim it, ask it for Thine own;  
Safely kept by Thy protection,  
Fixed on Thee alone.

### Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! I have given  
my all to God,  
And I now have full salvation through  
the precious Blood!

Lord, my will I here present Thee,  
Gladly now no longer mine;  
Let no evil thing prevent me  
Blending it with Thine.  
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,  
Hear this hour the sacred vow:  
All Thine own I now restore Thee,  
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me  
Thus my will to Thee to give;  
For the blood of Christ has brought me,  
And by faith I live.  
Show Thyself, O God of power,  
My unchanging, loving Friend;  
Keep me, till in death's glad hour,  
Faith in sight shall end.

### At the Cross.

Tune.—There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away.

2 Down at Thy Cross, oh, Lord, a  
trembling soul,  
Trusting in Thy dear Word, Lord,  
make me whole;  
Here I give myself to Thee, now Thy  
Spirit give to me,  
That a saviour I might be of precious  
souls.

### Chorus.

Can't Thou my poor treasure take,  
And my heart Thy temple make;  
Can my sin for Thy dear sake,  
Be washed away?

There is cleansing now for me, Lord, I  
believe,  
And from sin I may be free, Lord, I  
believe;  
Now my Lord, impart to me Thy free  
grace and liberty,  
And till death I'll follow Thee, Lord,  
all the way.

'Midst my toil and all my care, Lord  
I'll be Thine;  
And Thy Cross, Lord, I will share since  
Thou art mine;  
In the Army I will fight—I will battle  
with my might,  
Pointing sinners to the light, for Thy  
dear sake.

### At the Cross.

## A Free-and-Easy Ditty.

Tune.—Now I Am So Happy.

3 Salvation is delightful,  
It suits me to a T,  
It makes me always happy,  
Contented as can be.  
In trials and temptations,  
I've proved God's love the same,  
Delivering me from danger,  
Oh, glory to His name!

### Chorus.

Now I am so happy.

I'm not afraid whatever  
The will of God to do,  
His grace will be sufficient,  
To carry me through.  
And when this life is over,  
And the victory is won,  
I'll go to live with Jesus,  
And hear His glad "Well Done."

MRS. W. J. Lloyd, Peterboro.

### At the Cross.

## Sinner, Come Away.

Tune.—Sweet Belle Mahone.  
Sinner, why wilt thou delay?  
Thou for years hast gone astray;  
Wilt thou not come home to-day?  
Come, oh, come away.  
Come, and God's Salvation seek,  
To thy soul He peace will speak,  
He will turn thee from away.  
Come, oh, come away.

### Chorus.

Come, oh, come away! Come, oh come  
away!  
Sinner, why wilt thou delay?  
Mercy's time will pass away;  
May this not be thy last day,  
Come, oh, come away!

Sinner, why wilt thou delay?  
Mercy's time will pass away;  
May this not be thy last day,  
Come, oh, come away!

POST NO BILLS

FIELD

COMMISSIONER

(Miss Booth)

AT THE

Mechanics' Institute,  
St. John, N.B.,

ON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13TH,  
1896.

Installation

OF

Major Pugmire

AS

Provincial Officer of the  
Maritime Provinces.

Colonel Jacobs

(Chief Secretary)

ACCOMPANIED BY

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF BAND

WILL

Conduct Opening Meetings

New Barracks at Barrie

ON

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12th and 13th.

False excuses are in vain.  
Remember, Christ for thee was slain,  
Thou canst His Salvation gain;  
Come, oh, come away!

Sinner, why wilt thou delay?  
Think of that great Judgment Day!  
What wilt thou to Jesus say?  
Come, oh, come away!  
Fears of hell thy soul will fill,  
For thou hast not done God's will;  
But for thee is mercy still,  
Come, oh, come away!

H. K., Edmonton.

WATCHES.

We have received many reliable testimonials from those who have obtained watches from us. Our watches are offered at a lower figure than by any other firm, I think.

Ladies' Waltham movement... \$ 8.00  
Gents' Waltham Movement ..... 8.00  
Gents' Waltham Movement ..... 8.00  
Gents' Elgin Movement..... 12.00  
Gents' Superior Elgin Movement 16.00

# Coming Events.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

ENSIGN JOS. BAIRD, (with Lantern) will visit Rossland, Dec. 10th, 15th; Trail, Dec. 16th; Nelson, Dec. 17th; Kamloops, Dec. 19th, 20th, 21st; Great Falls, Dec. 23rd, 24th; Helena, Dec. 26th, 27th, 28th; East Helena, Dec. 29th; Bozeman, Dec. 30th, 31st.

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit Quebec, Dec. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th; Coaticook, Dec. 16th, 17th; Sherbrooke, Dec. 18th, 19th, 20th; Newport, St. Albans, Dec. 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th; St. Albans, Dec. 26th, 27th, 28th.

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit Wabpeton, Dec. 12th, 13th, 14th; Casselton, Dec. 15th, 16th; Jamestown, Dec. 17th, 18th; Mandan, Dec. 19th, 20th, 21st; Bismarck, Dec. 22nd, 23rd; Valley City, Dec. 24th, 25th, 26th; Minot, Dec. 27th, 28th; Devils Lake, Dec. 29th, 30th, 31st; Grand Forks, Jan. 1st; Grafton, Jan. 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th.

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SCOBELL (with Lantern) will visit Listowel, Dec. 11th, 12th; Palmerston, Dec. 13th; Drayton, Dec. 14th; Guelph, Dec. 16th.

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN PERRY, (with Lantern) will visit North Sydney, Dec. 12th, 13th; Sydney Mines, Dec. 14th; Clare Bay, Dec. 15th; South Sydney, Dec. 16th; Stellarton, Dec. 17th; Westville, Dec. 18th; Pictou, Dec. 19th, 20th; Charlottetown, Dec. 21st, 22nd; Winslow Road, Dec. 23rd; Summerside, Dec. 24th.

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN MOUNTENAY (with Lantern) will visit St. Catharines, Dec. 12th, 13th; Thorold, Dec. 14th; Grimsby, Dec. 15th; Hamilton, Dec. 16th; Oakville, Dec. 17th; Whitby, Dec. 19th; Oshawa, Dec. 20th, 21st; Courtice, Dec. 22nd; Bowmanville, Dec. 23rd, 24th.

MRS. MAJOR READ, Secretary for Women's Social Work, visits: Fort Arthur, Jan. 5th; Fort William, Jan. 7th; Winnipeg, Jan. 9th to 14th; Portage la Prairie, Jan. 15th; Grand Forks, Jan. 16th, 17th; Devils Lake, Jan. 19th; Valley City, Jan. 20th, 21st; Wabpeton, Jan. 22nd; Jamestown, Jan. 23rd, 24th; Bismarck, Jan. 25th.

**MISSING**

## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friends, assist, if possible, wrangle girls, women or children, or any person in difficulties. Address, COMMISSIONER, E. A. BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send 50 cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly. If they see any names which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

1827. MORGAN, MRS. JOHN. Last heard of two years ago. Was then living at Larchwood, Ontario, and was about to start for British Columbia. Had dark hair, brown eyes. Age about 35 years. Her daughter is anxious to know of her whereabouts.

1828. BEE, MISS MARTHA. Left Mrs. Hathaway, Oversley Glen, near Leicester, Warwickshire, England, to go to California, about nine or ten years ago. Her sister, Emily James, would like to hear from her. Address, General at Post-Office, London, Ontario, Canada. English, New York and California Crys please copy.

1829. CROSS, MRS. ALICE. Last heard from in 1887. Was then living in Southern England. Her son, who left England in the spring of 1888, would like to know her whereabouts. Address, William Cross, Manitoia, Manitoba. English Crys please copy.

1830. GIBBONS, ERNEST. Joined Salvation Army in Winnipeg in '88. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please write, Enquiry, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.